

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1873.

Vol. I. No. 45.

The Bloomfield Record.
A LIVE
Local Newspaper.

Only \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

OFFICE, GLENWOOD AVE., NEAR M. & E. DEPOT.

Independent, Non Partisan, Incorruptible.

Devoted to
LOCAL AFFAIRS,
GENERAL NEWS,
CHOICE LITERATURE,
HOME CULTURE AND IMPROVEMENT.

"The Record"

is the ONLY Weekly Newspaper Published and Printed
in Bloomfield, and is unquestionably THE Paper of
THE PEOPLE.

Legitimate Advertisements

Inserted on reasonable terms. Advertisers who avail
themselves of its columns will find it a first-class me-
dium, circulating as it does in the best families of
Bloomfield, Montclair, and vicinity.

"THE RECORD"

Job Printing Office

Is furnished with the

Newest and Latest Styles of Type.

MATERIAL AND PRESSES.

We are prepared to do promptly and in the Neatest
Manner ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, Such as

BILL HEADS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
PROGRAMMES,
HAND BILLS,
POSTERS,
PAMPHLETS,
&c., &c., &c.

Patronize the Home Office.

Banks and Insurance.

People's Savings Institution,
445 BROAD STREET.

NEWARK OCTOBER 18th 1873.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers held this day,
a dividend at the rate of

7 Per Cent. Per Annum

was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st
of November, payable on or after November 18th, and
if not drawn, to be counted as principal from November
1st.

Money deposited on or before November 1st will draw
interest from that date.

H. M. RHODES, President.

ALEX. GRANT, Treasurer.

INSURE IN THE

HUMBOLDT

(MUTUAL)

INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS OVER \$200,000.

OFFICE 733 BROAD STREET.

(Kear County National Bank Building.)

NEWARK, N. J.

This Company insures against loss and damage by
fire, Dwellings, Furniture, Buildings and Merchandise,
at favorable rates, either on the MUTUAL or NON-PARTIC-
IPATING PLANS.

OFFICERS:

ELMER F. HIGGINS, Sec'y. GEORGE BROWN, Pres't.

JAMES A. HEDDEN, Treas. E. W. McCLAVE, Vice Pres't

Newark Savings Institution.

800, 802, 804 Broad St., Cor. Mechanic St.,

NEWARK, N. J.

DEPOSITS made on or before Oct. 1st draw interest
from that date.

DANIEL DODD, Pres't.

WM. D. CARTER, Treas.

ESSEX COUNTY MUTUAL

INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHARTERED IN 1843.

Office on Liberty street, a few doors east of Broad,
BLOOMFIELD.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings, Barns,
Stores and other country property, on terms more fa-
vorable than any other Company. It has no city risks,
and is therefore liable to no great disaster like the Chi-
cago fire.

T. C. DODD, Sec'y.

Bloomfield Savings Institution,

LIBERTY STREET, NEAR BROAD.

On the 20th of Jan'y next this Institution will pay
interest at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. per an-
num on all sums which shall have remained on deposit
for three months next preceding the

First Day of January Next,

which interest, if not withdrawn, will itself bear in-
terest from said first day of July. And all sums de-
posited on or before the first day of July next, will bear
interest from that date.

T. C. DODD, Treas.

Professional and Business Cards.

D. R. C. S. STOCKTON,

DENTIST.

(Successor to Mrs. Colburn)

No 15 Cedar street,
Newark, N. J.

J. B. PITT, M. D.

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presby-
terian Church.

Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

F. E. BAILEY, M. D.

RESIDENCE:

C. W. JOHNSON'S, FRANKLIN ST.

Office Hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 6 to 8 P. M.

JAMES HUGHES,

SURVEYOR:

OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THOMAS TAYLOR,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office at his residence on Bloomfield avenue,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOSEPH K. OAKES,

SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

BLOOMFIELD AVE.,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

P. HURLBURT,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

SHOP ON ARTISAN STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Opposite the Railroad Depot.

STAIR BUILDING, Pattern Making, etc. Jobbing of all

kinds Neatly Done and Promptly Attended to.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

TO BE HAD AT

DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.

Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M.

JOSEPH H. EVELAND,

PRACTICAL PAINTER,

SIGN-WRITING,

ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,

GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c.

Corner Linden avenue and Thomas street.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

All orders promptly executed.

R. LEWIS,

Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, ex-
ecutes Repairs of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and

Fancy Articles with neatness and dispatch.

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.

SAMUEL CARL,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Keeps constantly on hand

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE

CLOTHING & GENTS FURNISHING GOODS.

BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.

JAMES PERRY,

Furniture and Pianos MOVED WITH CARE. Also Gen-
eral TRUCKING and other TEAM WORK.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

JAMES ALBINSON,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

MYRTLE STREET.

Near Watessing Depot, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOHN JEGE,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Jan. 25-17

SMITH E. PERRY

REAL ESTATE AGENT AND AUCTIONEER.

BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON.

Bloomfield, New Jersey.

THEODORE CADMUS,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.

Residence, Thomas street. Shop, State street, near

Liberty, BLOOMFIELD.

R. D. BROWER,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY.

WATESSING DEPOT,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Houses and Lots for Sale and Houses to Let.

Miscellany.

A THANKSGIVING IDYL.

When is the turkey handsomest?
Ah! when again he shows his breast,
Brown with the sunshine of the fire,
Crisp as a lady's silk attire.
With numerous juices dripping down
In pools of gray rich and brown;
Odorous as any spicy air
That blows across an orchard fair.
His bosom swelled with savory meat
Of sausages and bread-crumbs sweet,
His pinions neatly showered and tied,
With giblets tucked in either side;
His legs resigned to any fate,
Hanging no more, but neckly straight;
Beside him cranberry, ruby clear,
With groves of brittle celery near;
As stately as a king he lies,
The centre of admiring eyes.
Now is the turkey handsomest.
Arrayed before the hungry guest.
Of all the viands first and best!
His life well lived, his worst at rest,
And the platter he lies on gayly dressed—
Now is the turkey handsomest!

—Our Young Poet.

VARIETIES.

Some people have their thinking, like
their washing, done out.

Out in Montana, when they start a man
down hill in a barrel, they speak of his "ap-
pearance in a new role."

A Missouri clergyman's fees for marrying
fourteen couples amounted to fifty pounds
of dried apples and a due bill for eighteen
bushels of buckwheat.

An Irishman has defined nothing to be
"a footless stocking without legs." A
description by another Emerald is better.
"What is nothing?" he was asked. "Shut
your eyes, and you'll see it," said Pat.

The only paper at Fort Dodge, Dakota,
has suspended, the last issue saying: "If an-
other idiot attempts to establish a paper in
Fort Dodge, we hope there will be a mule
bandy to kick him into the river."

Whittier, one of the purest and sweetest
poets in the English tongue, has the barest
competency for his bachelorship, and any
where, save in New England, would be re-
garded as only round the corner from penury.

"If boys and girls," said a clergyman at
Evanston, Ill., "do their sparring at church,
I say amen to it. I have a daughter whom
I cherish as the apple of my eye. When
she is of suitable age, I had rather she would
be courted in the house of God than in the
theatre."

At one of our churches Sunday, while the
organ was playing vociferously a good lady,
whispering to her neighbor in the pew, had
to raise her voice quite high in order to be
heard. Suddenly the organ changed from
loud to soft, when the lady, not taking note
of the organ, was heard to say to her friend,
"We fry out in butter." Perhaps the orga-
nization didn't snicker.

A school, girl in one of the rural districts
of Pittsfield was overheard trying to con-
vince a school fellow that she liked him bet-
ter than she did some other urchin, of whom
he seemed to be jealous. "Of course I like
you better than I do Bill," said she, "for
don't I miss the words in my spelling lesson
on purpose, so as to be down to the foot of
the class where you are?"

Delays are dangerous. When a marriage
has been agreed upon and the day of execu-
tion fixed, it is running a great risk to post-
pone the ceremony on account of the weather.
Four times did Mrs. Peru of Delta,
Iowa, adjourn her daughter's wedding be-
cause when the happy day came round it
rained. At last dawned a sweet, calm and
clear morning, and nothing was wanting
save the bridegroom. Worn out by delay
he had changed his mind and deserted the
maiden Peruvian.

Most American travelers throw away
much of their reading matter at their jour-
ney's end. But they do things better in
England, where at each station can be found
a box fastened up, very similar to our letter
boxes, but something larger, into which the
traveller puts his papers, books, &c. These
are in turn collected by men who carry them
to hospitals, homes for old men and women,
and similar institutions, where they are
gladly received.

A Wedding Interrupted.

On Wednesday evening of last week there
was a wedding at the residence of Mr. Van
Tyne Brunson, Three-mile Run, near New
Brunswick, N. J. The groom and bride
were Mr. John Remsen and Miss Amelia
Brunson. The ceremony was impressively
performed, and as the minister pronounced
them man and wife the bride beneath the
hearth began slowly to settle. It went down
two feet and stopped. At the point of the
settlement a number of gentlemen had been
standing, and their weight upon the floor
where the beams entered the hearth caused
it to break and descend.

No one was injured, as the carpet was so
stretched upon the floor that if kept the
men up and allowed them to get away.
Several persons entered the cellar, and by
means of large timbers the floor was pried
back to its position and secured. After this
the pastor concluded the services by offer-
ing prayer, and the usual festivities were
enjoyed.

"A LADY in this city," says the Nevada
Transcript, "a few evenings since, was start-
led in a most shocking manner on discover-
ing a scorpion on her head-dress. It appears
that, during the afternoon, she had been
out to the graveyard, where the bug prob-
ably got on her dress, thence to her head-
dress. During the evening, when she was
about arranging her hair, she felt some-
thing singular about it, and commenced to
ascertain the cause, and no sooner had she
placed her hand on the bug when she received
a severe and painful sting on one of her
fingers. Her husband, who happened to be
near by, rushed to her, and, seeing the situa-
tion, folded a towel together, and took the
bug from her hair, and while doing so, re-
ceived a sting through the thickness of cloth
to his hand.

From "ST. NICHOLAS" for December.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A CRITIC.

If Ned McGill was not a great painter, it
was not his fault; no artist ever worked hard-
er. Early and late he was in the fields or
woods studying the forms and color of trees,
flocks, mountains, plants, and clouds; or he
was in his studio working out on canvas the
charming things which he found in nature.
Yet, somehow or another, his pictures did
not sell. He could not even get an opinion
from the critics. His little sister said that
everything he painted was "just lovely." And
another young lady, for whom Ned had
a very high admiration, thought and de-
clared that his pictures were "heavenly." But
these fair critics could not buy his pic-
tures, of course; and their praises, while
they fed his vanity, did not help him to fame
and reputation. Ned used to say that he had
never met with one honest critic. He was
determined that he would find one such;
and he did.

Last summer, despairing of finding any-
thing new to paint among the Atlantic States,
Mr. Ned McGill packed up his "painting
traps" and betook himself to California.
People are tired (so he said) of snug Con-
necticut towns, with white steeples, nestling
among maples and elms; they have been
fed so long on White Mountain scenery, and
Lake George, and bosky dells, and sylvan
glades, that they want something new. I'll
go and find it. So he went and found it.

Among the Santa Cruz mountains, a broken
and picturesque ridge that skirts the Pacific
Ocean, just south of San Francisco, McGill
fixed his painting camp. Near the saw-mill of Mr. J. Bowers, better known as
"Missouri Joe," the young artist found shelter
and lodging. Most of the daylight hours
he passed in the open air. The grand old
peaks and gorges, shining with water-falls,
covered with noble mahogany and madro-
na trees, gave him a new delight. He painted
as if he were mad. It would be useless
to tell you how many yards of canvas and
square feet of sketching paper he covered.
Mr. J. Bowers used to remark, thoughtfully,
that "that painter chap was a power-
ful dabbler at his biz." But Mr. Bowers
was not the critic Ned McGill was looking
for. He set up his easel, day after day, on
the mountain side and manfully worked
away, forgetting all about his critic. Quite
likely he was not expecting him in the least.

One day leaving the San Gabriel road on
the left, and climbing up the Felipe Pelipens
ridge, which, of course, all California tourists
remember, Ned plucked his easel firmly on a
broad bench of rock, overlooking a deep
ravine, beyond which the mountain rose in
rocky steps, dotted with scrubby oaks and
mammaries, against the horizon. To the
right the ravine wound around a noble spike
of bald, grey rock, down which came tum-
bling a laughing stream, making a soft roar
of mirth in the air. This was the scene
which he had looked at, and decided days
before, should be the subject of his grand
picture. Swiftly he went to work, softly
repeating to himself the lines of some favor-
ite poet of nature, as he spread his colors
and made his canvas begin to glow with the
tender hues of sky and mountain.

So intent was he upon his work, that he
did not know that a large black bear, one of
a numerous family that lives in the Santa
Cruz mountains, had quietly come up behind
him, and now, gravely squatted down, was
watching him at his work with great inter-
est. Ned's brushes flew swiftly; the colors
beamed on the canvas, and the lines of the
of the picture grew firm and clear. Bruin
looked on attentively; and Ned said softly
to himself, "This might please the critic—
if he ever sees it. This is the picture that
shall make my fortune, if I ever make it."
He paused a moment to think of the little
girl with brown eyes who thought his pic-
tures "heavenly," when he heard behind
him a contemptuous chuff, as if some one
said, "I have a very poor opinion of that."
He looked about, angrily, and saw Bruin
regarding him and his work with great dis-
dain.

Mr. McGill might have stopped to argue
the case; he was in a great hurry, however,
and fled at once, leaving behind him his
picture, brushes, colors, hat, and even his
loaded gun, which happened to be nearer
the bear than the artist. He did not stop
until he reached the opposite side of the ra-
vine, when, expecting to feel the bear's
sharp claws on his shoulders, he ventured
to look around. To his great relief, Bruin
had not followed one step of the way; but,
on the other side, the ungainly creature
stood on his hind legs, regarding the unfin-
ished picture with an air of great dissatis-
faction. He growled at it roughly in the man-
ner of most critics; perhaps he found some-
thing wrong in the distance, or the drawing
was much displeased with the boldness of
the coloring. At any rate, he rudely knock-
ed over the easel, put one paw on the can-
vas, and then deliberately licked off every
scrap of the beautiful colors; Even this
did not soften his rage—perhaps it was not
to his taste—and, after mashing the paint-
er's color-box into small bits, he seized the
gun, and began to hug and twirl it about in
rage. Bang! Bang! went the gun, for both
barrels were loaded. Bruin looked at the

smoking muzzle of the gun with great sur-
prise, clapped his paw to his own black
muzzle, as if he did not like the smell of
powder, gave one yell of dismay and aston-
ishment, dropped the battered gun, and fled
up the mountain side much quicker than
Mr. Ned McGill had before fled in the op-
posite direction.

Very cautiously, McGill returned to the
ruined outfit, picked up the shattered can-
vas and color-box, and went back to Bow-
ers' saw-mill with much lowliness of spirit.
He had met his critic, at last.

Mr. Bowers was disgusted "that that pic-
ture should be chased by a bar," and, tak-
ing down his rifle, went in pursuit of the
courageous critic. He never found him.
Perhaps he had an engagement on some of
the New York newspapers; I think I have
heard of him since. But Mr. Ned McGill
painted his damaged picture over again.
He put in the ravine, waterfalls, sky, and
mountain, just as before. But he added a
portrait of himself at his easel with his se-
vere bear-critic gazing on the work.

The last picture was much more interest-
ing and valuable than the first one would
have been, had Ned finished it. The fig-
ure of the black bear in the painting ex-
cited so much curiosity and comment when
it was exhibited, and when it became known
that the bear incident was a real one, that
the picture sold for a high price. More
than this, it gave Ned such a good repa-
tation as an artist that he is now quite sat-
isfied that, after all, his "grand picture" will
be the means of really making his fortune.

Disraeli and His Wife.

If anybody desires to know what a wife
may be to her husband, with what pure un-
selfishness and devotion she can give up
everything that she has to his service, and
find a noble happiness in doing it; what a
support and comfort she can be to him un-
der the inevitable sorrows and misfortunes
of life; how magnificently she can inspire
him to fresh exertions, and stand as a bul-
wark between the adverse world and him-
self,—any one who wishes to comprehend
all this need only read the story of Mr.
Disraeli's married life. It will be found
that in such a case the devotion is not all
on one side. The affection of a good wo-
man kindles the nobler qualities of a man,
and he will repay her devotion with lofty
fidelity. If Mr. Disraeli had, as he once
said, the "best of wives," he, on his part,
proved the best of husbands. Till the last day of his life he paid to
his wife those attentions which are too
often associated rather with the romance
of youthful intercourse than with the rou-
tine of married life. When he rose to the
highest point of his ambition, the only fa-
vor he would accept of the Queen was a
coronet from her wife. He was scarcely ever
absent from her side until the dark day
when the fast friends were to be parted.
She knew that she was dying, but refrained
from telling him so, in order that he
might be spared the pain of bidding her
farewell. He also knew that her last hours
were at hand, but kept silence lest he should
distress her. Thus they parted, anxious to
avoid striking a blow at the other's heart.
The domesticities of public men are prop-
erly held to be beyond the range of public
comment; but in an age when marriage is
the theme of ridicule from "leaders of pro-
gress" it may be that this passage in Mr.
Disraeli's career may be pondered with some
profit by the young. —Atlantic Monthly for
December.

A Prehistoric Skull.

In the large cabinet of specimens of ore,
minerals and miscellaneous curiosities at the
Palace Saloon in this city, says the Virginia
City Enterprise, is to be seen an ancient
human skull, which is a great curiosity. The
skull was found at the Ophir dump, during
the palmy days in the history of that mine,
by Judge A. W. (Sandy) Baldwin, killed
some years since by a railroad accident in
California. The Judge picked it up as it
rolled down toward his feet from a car load
of ore dumped by a miner. It is labelled
as having been taken out 500 feet below the
surface, but from what portion of the lead
it came can never be certainly known.
Most likely from some drift at no great
depth from the surface. Although the fa-
cial bones are gone the remainder of the
skull is entire. It is coated over with a shell
of gray mineral matter, and where this is
peeled off the substance beneath is quite
black and presents the appearance of
having been stained by sulphuret of silver.
The outer shell appears to be silver ore.
So confident was Judge Baldwin that this
at least was silver, that he offered to bet
\$100 that it would assay at the rate of \$65
per ton. If there be a skull anywhere on
the Pacific coast belonging to prehistoric
man, this must be that skull. It is certainly
of a very unusual and peculiar shape. It
is very short from base to summit, and ex-
ceedingly broad between the ears; indeed,
it bulges out wonderfully in the region of
the ears. No one capable of giving an
opinion in regard to the age of the skull has
ever examined it. The fact of its being dug
out of the heart of the Comstock lode
makes it an object of more than usual inter-
est, whether or not it may contain silver.
Although the skull has been in the saloon
for some years, we are not aware that par-
ticular mention has before been made of it.

How to Teach a Child Honesty.

I am not sure whether I did right or
wrong. I am sure I meant right. It was
on this wise. Believing implicitly that the
bending of little human twigs should be
accomplished during the early stages of
their growth, I concluded to commence on
Vieve. My intention was to give her a les-
son in firmness. Accordingly I filled a box
with chestnuts, and placed it within her
reach, saying, "Now, Vieve, dear, you must
not touch them without my permission."

"Well, then, I des I'll not," was the re-
ply, while the brown-eyed three-year-old
gazed wistfully toward the sweet temptation.
I gave her six or eight.